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Woodwind

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WOODWIND PUBLISHING COMPANY

WOODWIND is a community oriented arts paper and in being so, one of our primary objectives is to publish new local artists and writers. If you have work to offer for publication please mail it in or give us a call. We are particularly interested in fiction and short features. If you wish to have your work returned, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Your comments and criticisms about WOODWIND are welcome—we are eager to share your thoughts with our readers.

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During the summer we will continue to publish every two weeks. Periodically, however, we will print a smaller issue such as this one to give our staff a long over due and well deserved rest.



SOLO

alone—
i emerge from
some greater
presence
than trees
fresh
walking back
with the sun
the cool loving
sun

alone—
where the forest
bends an ear
to my trembling
of her leaves
sits in dark habit
prayer folded
in her lap
listend smiling
as one to my penance
i rustle the
leaves into
a neat pile
of asking

LA MANO

hand
touching
my hand
like a
cool breeze
licking the wings
of a seagull

PIENSO

patches of thought
cloud the sky mind
like a hand
red-covering
a candle flame
—the tempest of ethic
the tempast
lord
give me
a sunny day

VOZ DE LA CRUZA

the shack
that is still
standing
by the skin
of its nails
is still preaching
from a
deserted hill
holding up
on its
bloodied
rotwood
hands
by the skin
of its
painted voice
repent

jesus sollozo

PERFORMANCE

Reviewed by Jay Alan Quantrill

LADY AUDELY'S SECRET at Washington Theatre Club

The Washington Theatre Club has topped off its season with *LADY AUDELY'S SECRET*. It's melodrama, it's musical, it's moderately pleasing. It's really about four steps, important ones mind you, but only four steps above *WASHINGTON SQUARE*. Step one, there are voices, delightful, rich, and enjoyable voices. Step Two: there is some humor, often gratuitous, but humor nonetheless. Step three: there is some style, inconsistent though it may be, it is stylish. Step four, and most importantly, there is some very pleasant music. And here is where *LADY AUDELY'S SECRET* shines; its music is tunefully pleasing, and well sung. A vast improvement over the so-called score to *WASHINGTON SQUARE*, more appropriate and serviceable than the tunes written to interrupt the action in the Arena's current show *TRICKS*, the Theatre club's opus can be proud of bringing some music to the stage, at last.

Now don't get over confident, it's not great music. It's not even very memorable, but it is satisfying when you are listening. And the performers sing it so well. The composer knows how to make a tune work for him. There are a few shamefully extraneous numbers, that don't even carry their own weight; but songs like "The Winter Rise," and "La De-Da" are what the musical stage is all about. It is almost a crime against art that the rest of the elements of the production couldn't match these musical gems.

The show as written seems to cry for the splashy, gigantic chorus and monstrous scenery type show that Gower Champion is so good at. Needless to say, the book would require a lot of work, but then Gower Champion could re-write it easily. As it stands at the Theatre Club, the book is ninety percent exposition, and ten percent silliness. The production is a cross between an inexpensive attempt at a Champion production and a musical hall show that's been running too long. It is dead dull in spots, only to be brought to exhilarating life with some music. The piano arrangements are about as appropriate as a sledge hammer at an egg rolling. The choreography is nothing less than pitiful. The actors are all very good, and I can't praise their voices too much.

If the direction had had more integrity, if the style had been more consistent. If the script had been written as a play instead of as an adaptation of a novel, if perhaps a harpsichord had been used occasionally to soften the effect. Then perhaps we'd have the kind of show we want. But how often do you ever get that?

NATIONAL BALLET A SEASON'S SUMMARY

The National Ballet is, without question, without reservation, a major dance organization. Perhaps not one of the world's top... yet, but certainly a company with a past that has seen growth, a present that is worthy of praise, and a future everyone looks forward to with eagerness and confidence.

This past season was the company's tenth. It was their first in the Kennedy Center (of course) and it was the first year in five that the company played a series in New York. All these are important factors. Additionally, a new full-length ballet was added to the repertoire, as were a number of shorter works, and the company performed 54 times in Washington and almost 100 on the road. It's been an impressive season.

There were ups and downs, both large. The biggest "up" was the new full-length *SLEEPING BEAUTY*, a magnificent achievement for any company, and especially so for the National (because of its modest means and size). The biggest down (for me) was their limpid *COPELIA*, of which there'll be no more said.

The new season opened with *SLEEPING BEAUTY*, starring Margot Fonteyn, for a solid week's engagement. It was generally well received, though one critic had serious reservations. When I finally caught up with it only a few weeks ago, I found it far and away the best thing the company had done. But this was after the glowing reports from New York, which always has a serious effect on a ballet company, and I'm sure their success there raised spirits and also confidence. Luckily, they had the good sense to leave Miss Fonteyn out of their dance capital engagement, having Carmen Mathe do the honors. She danced the role of Aurora beautifully with an

exquisite purity of line and a thoroughly entrancing conceptualization to her performance. The divertimenti of the third act gave proof of the strength which the company was displaying at the end of the season. But generally this strength is only evident when the dancers feel they're in a ballet they like, and which they feel is successful. During the same engagement, they danced some pitiful dancing, and yet again at a later engagement, they again proved what they could do when they had material in which to dance out their hearts. Why is this?

With the holidays came the *NUTCRACKER*, the Tchaikovsky perennial, which is more for the kiddies than anything else. The performance was not especially inspiring. Louis Fuente's dancing was particularly displeasing. Mr. Fuente does not have those qualities which make a dancer desirable for princely roles, and his style seems more like an attack than a statement of physical elegance. But the show is pleasant, and good for the holidays. Certainly it would look better in the Opera House, but I suppose that's a scheduling problem which can't be solved.

The second engagement, in December, started off with a star-studded gala. It was successful, but it didn't do much for the company. The most memorable moments were those during a drag rendition of the well-known *PAS DE QUATRE*. It's supposed to be danced by four terrific ballerinas. This time it was danced by the company's two co-directors and two soloists dressed in the traditional female costume of long white dress. Complete with a dive into the orchestra pit and tomatos and lettuce pitched at the dancers by the musicians, this *PAS DE QUATRE* was the funniest thing all season long. As for the rest, the stars were shining, and the company looked miserable in its two dances. The rest of the engagement was made up of repertoire (as opposed to full-length ballets) which I unfortunately was unable to see.

January saw Edward Villella guesting with the company, performing his dazzling *PRODIGAL SON*, on another program of repertoire which included some interesting if not terribly brilliant offerings. *CINDERELLA* was the February show, and suddenly the company began to shine for me. Obviously they liked what they were doing and it was communicated to the audience. Using Prokofiev's score and a small thin sounding orchestra, the dancers nevertheless demonstrated for the first time that they had what it takes, when they had what they liked. *CINDERELLA*, looked and felt and was lovely. The first and last acts had too much mime for me, but it worked. The second act was delightful, moving beautifully costumed, and the setting was perfect. The choreography was intricately bewitching and joyously performed. Kirk Peterson was most satisfying with dazzling style and inspired force.

In the spring of the year, the National played a total of three weeks of ballet. Two in April and one in May. The April engagement presented a weekend of repertoire which included the American premiere of *JUNGLE*, *FOUR TEMPERAMENTS*, and *Danse Brillante*, and a weekend of full-length story ballet: *COPELIA* and *GISELLE*. The first weekend again showed the company dancing well, with a few exceptions (and those were the choreographically inferior works). It was their first appearance here after a critically ecstatic New York engagement which undoubtedly had its effect. *GISELLE* was enchanting, and lovely to look at. The dramatic concept I found to be preferable to that of the American Ballet Theatre's, though the mime was too melodramatic, and of course there was no Carla Fracci or Natalia Makarova.

But in May, when *GISELLE* was repeated and with the company's principal dancers in the title role, there were no apologies needed. Sad that the male leads were as young and inexperienced as they were, but they showed a promise which we can look forward to next season. *LA SYLPHIDE*, also in May, was not as interesting as *GISELLE*, but concept and score are as much responsible.

Closing its season with three of its full-length story ballets, the National can be proud of its progress over the year. This season has seen its emergence, its successes in New York, and its solidification. It belongs in and to Washington, and enhances the Opera House with its presence. Next season will see slightly more of this medium size

company with much more than medium talents and abilities. We could only ask for more. But then two suggestions; arrange scheduling to the company's advantage over other companies playing here, and increase the repertoire.

PLAY STRINDBERG at Olney Theatre

If there's anything we haven't had enough of this season, it's good, rich, experimental theatre. At least of the more professional variety. There were some interesting things, like American University's Open Stage production of *TELEMACHUS CLAY*, and the Folger's *LANDSCAPE AND SILENCE*, by Pinter. Not too way out, but certainly not Broadway slick. So with this attitude nagging at me every so often, I greeted the announcement of *PLAY STRINDBERG*'s presentation at Olney with great glee. It opened just recently and came as a big surprise. Now this is the original American premiere production from the Lincoln Center, and I'd heard a lot of good things about it (wish I could remember who from) though nothing really specific, so I went expecting a rich evening of theatre.

I was disappointed. Not that it wasn't often amusing. Not that it wasn't thoroughly professional and even at times entertaining. But what it wasn't was rich? Or deep? Or, for that matter, even interesting. I mean really interesting. Now *PLAY STRINDBERG* is by Friedrich Durrenmatt, and is supposed to be a kind of take-off on or parody of Strindberg's *DANCE OF DEATH*, seen at the Arena a few seasons back. I don't know *DANCE OF DEATH*, but *PLAY STRINDBERG* seems to be a take-off on something. And that's about all there is to it. It takes off in a broadly farcical way, discussing in absurd hyperbole, the unpleasant marriage of a middle-aged couple. In comes a third person, who is lover to the wife, whose dead wife may have had some relationship to the husband, and who otherwise is a fairly despicable character. All this is presented in twelve rounds, like a boxing match, complete with gong and a stage-manager to ring it before and after each round. Each of these rounds are announced and titled by the three actors. At the beginning of the play, the actors come in with fighter-type robes and towels, waving fists over their heads and so on. Perhaps Durrenmatt is telling us how like a boxing match are the various relationships we humans have contrived or fallen into, whichever happens to be your point of view. If so, the message is communicated very quickly, leaving little reason for the rest of the evening's goings-on.

Actually, there was some very funny business. And Robert Symonds plays a marvelously fascinating old has-been-who-never-was, die-with-my-boots-on soldier. His delivery is strong and vivid. Priscilla Pointer, as his wife, is captivating, but often too broad, and thus inconsistent. Ray Fry, as the interloper, is more than competent, but not too much so. There's a two piece band: trumpet and tuba... all very germanic. But why? It doesn't look like a pleasant farce, and yet it doesn't seem to say anything very deep. At least not enough to warrant any special attention. It really doesn't classify as experimental, just a little off-beat. So I'm still left with the feeling that there just isn't enough experimentation in Washington. ... so what's new???

THE MARQUISE

at the Eisenhower Theatre, Kennedy Center

Earlier this season, the Kennedy Center brought in a production of Shaw's *CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION*, starring Ingrid Bergman, spread it all over the Opera House, and helped her rake in the money. Now they are offering us another

such vehicle, Noel Coward's *THE MARQUISE* with two stars, Glynnis Johns and Richard Todd. (And thankfully, in the more suitable Eisenhower Theatre.) Would that Miss Bergman had had the good sense to pick a play that, while comparably innocuous, was at least possessed of humor and wit and some value other than making the leading lady stand out as the only sensible person on stage.

With *THE MARQUISE*, Noel Coward gives us one of those mistaken identity type plots with a double-barrelled twist, told in a drawing room style, that is brittle and delicate. Acted with flamboyance and flair, Roger Redfarn's direction is well aimed at humor, for humor's sake, and the audience reaps the benefits. But the main attraction, if not the only one worth the time, is the winsome Miss Johns. With her throaty, almost gravelly-silk voice, and an air of impertinent panache, Glynnis Johns is still an engaging and radiant woman, capable of attracting and holding the attention of any audience. Richard Todd acts stodgy reformist role with a sturdy characterization, but the part wasn't written to make a star out of anybody. Actually, Barry Sinclair has the better of the two principal male roles, playing the other man (Todd is the first we discover) in Glynnis Johns' past. Mr. Sinclair makes the most of his simple character, bringing a perfect face, excellent timing, and a winning comic style to the piece. Barbara Flynn, playing Todd's and Miss Johns' daughter, is a more than competent young comedienne and held the stage admirably when her young cohort couldn't.

But, again, the show belongs to Miss Johns, who seems to be too stiff in the first act, but well-warmed to the proceedings as she approaches the hilarious second act; and the rest is smooth sailing. You may be annoyed, as I was, with a naggingly repetitious kind of delivery Miss Johns uses; but only in the first act, which gets off to such a slow start that you might find it unbearable. But don't fear, it may even be a gimmick plotted just to make Glynnis' entrance all the more hoped for.

I refrain from telling the plot to any great degree because it's so filled with twists you've seen before; but they are well enough set up to surprise when the time comes and and please as they could. Would that the settings were as successful; it's only adequate, and Miss Johns' radiance can almost blind you to its occasional shabbiness. The music which they use in the background is only occasionally helpful being more annoying than atmospheric. The supporting actors are merely competent with the exception of Peter Needham as the confidant-servant, Hubert.

Imported from England, on its way to Australia, Noel Coward's mid-twenties comedy is stopping by at the Eisenhower for four weeks. Don't miss this opportunity to see a woman who has that strange and compelling attraction known as "star-quality" in a piece that shows her off beautifully. Would that Ingrid Bergman's manager had had the good taste, we could all have enjoyed her stay here. You'll certainly enjoy *THE MARQUISE*.



THEATRE

Opening:

Medea in Africa, Black American Theatre, opens June 15, 483-2251
Beggar's Opera, presented by boys of St. Alban's School, Washington Cathedral, opens June 15, 686-1733
Last of the Red Hot Lovers, Shady Grove Music Fair, opens June 20, 948-3400
Marigolds, Olney Theatre, opens June 20, 924-3400
Misalliance, Kennedy Center Eisenhower Theatre, opens June 26, 254-3600

Continuing:

Godspell, Ford's Theatre, 347-6260
Bernstein/Schwartz, "Mass," Kennedy Center Opera House, thru June 17, 254-3600
1776, National Theatre, NA-8-3393
Play Strindberg (reviewed this issue), Olney Theatre, 924-3400
Lady Audley's Secret (reviewed this issue), Washington Theatre Club, 446-8860
Tricks, Arena Stage's Kreeger Theatre, 723-2040
The Marquise (reviewed this issue), Kennedy Center Eisenhower Theatre, Thru June 24, 254-3600

COUNTERNOTES

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

SINGLE CITY

It's rather sadly acknowledged that nowadays you have to have a hit single to break an album. That's one of the reasons that singles are now preceeding albums, which hasn't been the case for a long while. Even the Stones decided to release "Tumbling Dice" (Rolling Stone Records) before Exile On Main Street, and Elton John put out "Rocket Man" (UNI) before Honky Chateau.

The big news is that for the past couple of months, the majority of the national Top 10 chart positions have been occupied by soul records. The most phenomenal of these has been Roberta Flack's "The First Time I Ever Saw Your Face," (Atlantic), from her first album, which first hit number one on the singles chart, and caused the re-released album to do the same. Other monster soul songs of late have been the Staple Singers' "I'll Take You There" (Stax), the Chi-Lites' "Oh Girl," (Brunswick), and two soul-novelty tunes, "I Gotcha" by Joe Tex (Dial), and "Troglydote" by the Jimmy Castor Bunch (RCA).

Even though this importance of singles trend points out some ills of the recording industry, it's also given us some fine singles recently by album artists, as record companies are spurred on by the success of groups like Jo Jo Gunne and Commander Cody in the Top 40 market. There is the J. Geils Band's "Dead Presidents" (Atlantic); [It refers to the pictures on dollar bills, folks], a heavy rock song which was on the flip side of "I Don't Need You No More," Mitch Ryder and Detroit's "Oo La La De Da Doo" (Paramount), which rocks well but lacks the punch of the songs on the first album, and a great new Argent tune, "Hold Your Head Up," (Epic), sounding very much like Yes.

Sailcat (Court Pickett and John Wyker) have a summer hit if I ever heard one with "Motorcycle Mama" (Elektra), which is light and bouncy, similar to Mungo Jerry's "In The Summertime." It's a must for car radios and transistors at the beach. John Lennon's "Woman Is Nigger Of The World" (Apple) is one of the best of his recent topical songs, with very hard hitting lyrics. "Fight For Your Country" (Epic), by ex-Move bassist Trevor Burton, was released two years ago in England under the group name Balls. It's got its moments but not enough of them for a hit.

I've saved the two best for last. The Eagles are a new country rock band with ex-members of Poco and the Flying Burrito Brothers who have a future smash with "Take It Easy," (Asylum), which was co-written by Jackson Browne and Eagle Glen Fry. It's a bright, commercial country tune which shows good things around the bend for their first album.

Eclipsing them all, however, is the new one by Alice Cooper, "School's Out" (Warner Brothers), the title of their forthcoming long player, and it's a worthy follow-up to the monumental "Be My Lover." This one's about a school that's "out forever," blown to bits by the kids; the playful tykes.

The guitars and drums furiously keep up with Alice's maniacal vocal about "We can't salute ya/can't find a flag/if that don't suit ya/that's a drag." If the album is anywhere as good as "School's Out," it should be staggering. There are those who would call this song dynamite.

STATE FARM—Jeffrey Shurtleff-(A&M)—Jeffrey is a compadre of Joan Baez, who, as Joan's liner notes point out, sang with her in the early days of draft resistance and did a tour with her. His debut album is a very relaxing, comfortable country work. The Nashville studio musicians did an extra fine job on State Farm, especially pedal steel player Lloyd Green. Shurtleff is evidently not a songwriter; he uses all other people's material here, and while the selection of material isn't particularly ambitious, it all fits in well. The standout cuts are two Paul Siebel tunes, "Ballad Of Honest Sam" and "It's A Long Way To Nashville". In fact, Shurtleff's voice is quite similar to Siebel's. There is also a good treatment of John Prine's "Hello In There" and Gordon Lightfoot's "Ten Degrees and Getting Colder". Baez joins him on "Como Tu". Basically, he and Baez have picked solid material and Jeffrey has performed it impeccably. There's nothing left to do but sit back and enjoy it.

THE BULL MOOSE CALLS HIS BABY SWEET LORRAINE—Jake and the Family Jewels-(Polydor)—If you can't tell that this is a great album from the title alone, then there's no hope for you. Actually, this is the sort of album which will stir a lot of memories, pleasant or otherwise, for people who may have had something to do with the Village scene in the past seven to ten years. Jake has been through it all, from the early days as a folksinger who lived on the money he made passing a basket at coffeehouses, to the rock band the Magicians, contemporaries of the Lovin' Spoonful, to the ill-fated duo Bunky and Jake, and now his second album with the Jewels. The elements of New York street living, the way it once was, anyway, is intrinsic in Jake's music. At the moment, the Jewels are a floating group, whoever happens to fall by any particular night. Members of the Quinlaine Band, which was an outgrowth of the Jewels, appear as semi-regular members of Jake's group now, and pianist Danny Manselino and drummer Mike Rosa play on all cuts, with the great guitarist Kenny Pine playing on one song.

The rock and roll on this album is just beautiful. "Don't Look Back (I Heard Somebody Say)" is a fine tune about oldies and the old days. That song is followed by "Lake Louise": "My sweet Lake Louise/You're all wet under me". Jake has an affinity for obscure Dylan material (Dylan has given him access to unreleased tapes) and here he does the Band-like "Minstrel Boy". The Bull Moose Calls His Baby Sweet Lorraine sounds like what the Lovin' Spoonful or possibly the Velvet Underground would sound like if they were still around.

CHRISTOPHER MILK—(United Artists)—If UA is inaugurating their mini-album program with this, they're in trouble. The four songs on this record are the kind which would inspire biting, cynical criticism from John Mendelsohn, who is, unfortunately, the leader of the group. Really, if John could listen to this record objectively and groove on how awful it is, he'd have a critical field day. He'd doubtless see that he is not only a so-so songwriter, but a plainly terrible singer. He'd look at the liner notes and see that they were not so much cute as merely stupid. John's trouble is that he so desperately wants to write and sing just like his idols, David Bowie, Ray Davies, and Roy Wood, to name but a few, but he isn't good enough. The lyrics are difficult to take seriously. "Basket Case", for instance, sounds like it was John's entry in a 1966 "Ray Davies Write-Alike Contest", (Losing Entry)—but, seriously, folks, if you want this outasite little record for your very own, I understand that they are offering it for free through the mail. Now at that price I imagine that Christopher Milk is worth it but the question is do you want to spend the eight cents for a stamp to let them know?



LOU

LOU REED — (RCA)

Some odd things have been happening since the demise of the Velvet Underground. For one, its sound is living on in the music of others, notably David Bowie, who calls it his greatest influence, and Alice Cooper, whose "Be My Lover" is standard Velvet fare. Also, since Lou Reed split from the group, he went into semi-retirement, allegedly to his parents' home in Long Island, to think things over and write poetry. When he signed last year with RCA as a solo artist, I was hoping that his first album wouldn't be a soft, reflective, mellow, non-rock record.

LOOKING GLASS — (Epic)

This album makes me feel good for more reasons than one. The music is great; lively, bouncy rock 'n' roll, with a never ending supply of care and vitality, but it is also the product of a band which has come up the hard way; through over four years of playing together as a "local" band in the New Jersey area. They were considered the top band in the New Brunswick area, home of Rutgers University, where they have based their activities, and waited a long time to do an LP.

They've got a tune called "Brandy" which is probably vaulting up the charts as you read this, which is one of any number of their songs that could be hits because they appeal to music fans of divergent tastes. Basically, their

Happily, it's anything but. Reed is still one of the foremost rock 'n' rollers for his guitar playing, writing, and singing. The record was recorded in England with the help of British musicians such as Rick Wakeman of Yes, but they are strictly Reed's back-up men. "Wild Child" is as good as anything he did for the Velvet, and it's also the song on this album that most closely recalls the Velvet's style. His voice remains strong and sure, and his lyrics are so good it's a shame they weren't printed on the cover. Besides the classic "Wild Child," he gives us two mad rock songs, "I Can't Stand It," about a guy who lives with "13 dead cats and a purple dog that wears spats"; and "Walk And Talk," which has the same guitar intro as "Brown Sugar" and rocks nearly as well. While we are on similarities, "Ride Into The Sun" sounds much like "Theme For An Imaginary Western." And Reed seems to be listening to Bowie also, as evidenced by the campy "Berlin," which manages to end up a rock song from its schmaltzy beginning. "Lisa Says" is a song which would have fit in well with the old Velvet material, with lines like "Lisa says if you stick your tongue in my ear/then things around here will become very clear"; and later, "Lisa, why am I so shy?/why do all the good times pass me by?"

Lou Reed's first solo album is a fitting successor to the classic Loaded, the last Velvet Underground album, one which is a must for anyone who loves rock 'n' roll. Incidentally, Cotillion, the Velvet's last label, is soon releasing a mono-only, live album recorded during their legendary one-month-stand at Max's Kansas City in the summer of 1970. Lou Reed is back, which is sufficient testimony that rock 'n' roll is alive and well.

style is happy, country-tinged rock 'n' roll, with strong vocals and adequate, if ordinary, lyrics. If "Brandy" becomes a big hit, it could have a follow-up easily with tunes like "Deal-in' With The Devil," "Jenny-Lynne," or "Don't It Make You Feel Good." By the way, "Brandy" was supposedly written for Van Morrison, and he is rumored to have recorded it for a future album. He reportedly has written a song for them which is as yet unrecorded. Looking Glass is certainly one of the more promising groups to come along recently; people in New Brunswick have known if for a while, and a lot of others are going to find out fast.

NO ANSWER — Electric Light Orchestra (United Artists)

Although the term "progressive rock" no longer applies to many groups, the Electric Light Orchestra surely still falls into that category. ELO is the creation of Roy Wood,

leader of the Move, which, for the time being, still exist.

Confused? Well, in order to finance a risky (from a financial standpoint) project like ELO Wood must also produce records under the name The Move. You see, in England, the Move is a money-making group with a reputation as a Top 40 hit maker, quite a contrast to its underground rep in America. Wood, ever the progressive one, decided a change was needed, hence this LP, the culmination of years of planning. The move will be phased out as ELO becomes financially solvent.

This album is a sparkling gem. It is a direct extension of the futuristic brilliance of the last Move LP, Message From The Country. At times they sound like a rock band 200 years from now, other times like what a rock band would have sounded like 200 years ago. There is a heavy classical influence; little of it could really be called rock. "10583 Overture" and

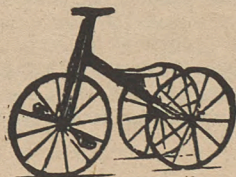
"Look At Me Now" come closest. "First Movement (Jumpin' Biz)" is an orchestrated guitar piece closely resembling "Classical Gas" and has the traits of a hit single. "Mr. Radio" is a curious song dealing with a man telling his troubles to a radio; about how his wife ran away, "and though you're here with me/I'm on my own." It was written and sung by Jeff Lynne, who is steadily improving in both capacities since joining Wood on the Move's Looking On album. As with his predecessor Carl Wayne, Lynne has the odd distinction of sounding like Wood, fitting into the concept of the album perfectly, while not really sounding like him at all.

Wood is the star instrumentalist, credited with playing ten instruments, the most important of which are oboe and cello; actually making them sound like rock instruments. Bev Bevan plays steady as ever drums, Lynne handles piano and bass, with the group being rounded out by Bill Hunt on French Horn and Steve Woolam on violin. No Answer makes all previous classical-rock fusion attempts seem laughable. I can hardly wait for what's coming next.



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Cat Fishing In America

A Parody

BY BILL GARRISON

(after Trout Fishing in America by Richard Brautigan)

THE COVER FOR CATFISHING IN AMERICA

The cover for Cat Fishing in America is an old movie taken on a Saturday morning, a jumpy eight millimeter movie taken at the corner of M and Wisconsin Avenue in the District of Columbia.

There are some people in the movie, but not too many. It was lovingly shot a long time ago.

A 1963 Corvette comes west on M Street and turns north on Wisconsin. A fat woman walks in front of the lens before you can see the license plate. A short guy with a big chin and nose and reddish brown hair over a receding hairline was driving it. You couldn't see much of him that quickly, but he looked as if he wanted to be important.

Then the movie became very steady, as if it finally found what it was about.

A ten or eleven year old black kid is standing on the southeast corner of the intersection. He's wearing sneakers and jeans and a t-shirt. He is carrying a fiberglass rod in his left hand and a string of fish in his right. When the light changes he comes across the street.

When he is nearly to the curb, he sees the camera on him. He grins.

When he is right in front of the camera, he stops. And grins some more. And holds the string of fish up level with his face and the camera.

There are six fish on the string, not counting the big carp. There are four medium size catfish, one a little larger, just into the big category, and one significant fish, the one he is grinning about.

The significant fish is what Cat Fishing in America is all about.

CAT FISHING IN AMERICA FEEL

Four years later I got my first feel while Cat Fishing in America.

It was up on Mud Lake, in Michigan, at my Grandfather's cottage.

They usually kept their eyes on all the kids. They knew we'd be up to something if we were out of sight, particularly if we were out of sight after dark.

During the day they always had something planned for us. We caught bluegills off the end of the dock if the men didn't feel like taking us along in the boat. They usually only took one of us at a time; Julie or me, that is. My two sisters didn't want to have anything to do with fishing or catching frogs or snakes or worms or dragonflies in the bug heavy humid air. The only times my sisters came outside the cottage were the time to go into town to buy more beer and groceries and the time or two to put on bathing suits and sprawl on the two square yard beach in the sun. But my cousin Julie was all right, even if she didn't have much of any tits yet.

As I said, they usually kept their eyes on us, not trusting us for a minute. They thought we'd be drowned or break something, they said. At night my parents and my aunt and uncle would play canasta under the yellow light at the picnic table on the screened-in porch. The kids were supposed to play Chinese checkers or monopoly or read comics in the kitchen. But they let Julie and me go down by the bridge over the canal connecting Mud Lake with some other lake to go cat fishing.

We had a kerosene lantern. The Coleman was too dangerous for kids, they said. And it cost more, in case we were to break it. We had a big can of night crawlers and a few gooey slices of body building white bread, a stringer that once was white cord and shiny point and ring but was then brown and black and rusty, a flashlight and extra hooks. We had two giant Pepsi's and a bag of potato chips.

The bridge was only a hundred yards from the cottage but the space was full of swamp and poplar saplings. We walked the long way by the road.

We put down the lantern in the mud by the end of the bridge toward the house so our parents could see it and know we were safe. We took the rest of our stuff right under the bridge.

There was a flat area of mud and sand and gravel about three feet wide between the arching concrete and the steep bank. We put

dough balls first. If they'd go for dough balls they were a little easier to get off the hooks.

They didn't go for dough balls. We switched to the worms and had our Pepsi's and potato chips.

During the day you couldn't fish under the bridge. The people who came on vacation to ride around in their motor boats rode around Mud Lake and then went under the bridge and down the canal and around the other lake and then back again. Sometimes they had to wait in line to go through the canal and the stink from the motors made it impossible to stay under the bridge.

At night the motor boat people were either worn out and drinking in their cottages or they were slowly cruising around the center of the lake and drinking beer there. At night the bridge was a good place to be under.

The bridge was a good place to be under if you were catching catfish. If you weren't catching any catfish you could get bored.

I had noticed earlier in the week that Julie didn't have much of a start on tits. But as we waited for a catfish to get interested in suicide I began to think about what a start on tits she did have. Eventually, in the middle of a fake yawn and stretch, I grabbed her chest.

She didn't move.

"What did you do that for?"

"Just to see what it was like."

"Well?"

"Nothing much."

We finally caught three six-inch catfish we brought back just to prove we'd been fishing.

CAT FISHING IN AMERICA PANCAKES

The Appalachian Trail is a good place to go for a weekend hike if you live in the District. Skyline Drive winds along the top of the mountains there. Occasionally the highway assaults the trail and wipes it out for half a mile but mostly it's content to keep its distance and stay out of sight.

The good thing is that you can drive out there and leave your car inconspicuously at one of the restaurant areas and hike all weekend and Sunday evening thumb back to your car.

There's no cat fishing on a mountain top, no fishing of any kind in fact, but it's a good place to learn about cat fishing in America.

We went out in March that year, to be out there when there was no one around.

I wore a new pair of boots that raised blisters on the tops of my toes and broke them but didn't hurt.

HUSH PUPPIES

As a kid when did I first learn about cat fishing in America? From whom? I guess from everybody, my old man, my uncles, their friends.

Since my first knowing.

Cat fishing is part of life, like eating the sweet flakes, wetly picked away from the bone in flakes by my mother before I could do it myself. Cat fishing is eating tiny bites more precious than steak, a meticulous and painstaking feast.

Feast is not the right word to describe what I feel thinking about cat fishing in America.

It would be nice to get it right.

Maybe like a noisy ritual. Like a Japanese tea ceremony with catfish and home fries and catsup and beer.

Imagine Steubenville.

Big bony hands, late at night, a can of beer in the left, the right arranging flowers in a crystal bowl.

The Hungarian Rhapsody of Catfish!

I remember with particular fondness a white uniformed baker fishing before dawn, fresh from a night's production of lemon filled, sugar coated doughnuts, his lantern light dancing beside the bridge on Route 117.

SPOON BREAD

One hot summer afternoon as a child in the country outside the home town of Lima, I walked in a different direction and found a pond hidden in the trees behind a row of houses along the road. There were little green frogs in the weeds beside the edge of the pond.

There was a big black snake that raced away through the tangled brush. A green scum covered most of the surface of the pond. Beside the north bank, where the path snaked along, the black water was open.

There must be catfish here, I thought.

I trundled off home and took down one of the old man's bambóo poles from the nails in the garage wall. It was an old pole so I knew he wouldn't mind; his new one was in sections that fitted together with brass ferrules.

I took a piece of kite string and a rusty hook. I grabbed a scrap of pine for a bobber. I dug under the pile of rabbit shit behind the garage for four red worms, all this while staying out of sight of my mother.

I'd been sitting patiently, waiting for a bite, for about an hour when a man came down the path.

The man threw a bag of trash in the corner of the pond before he noticed me.

Catching anything? He chuckled.

No.

Nothing in here, he said. Not even carp.

The pond was a sewer for the houses by the road.

Somehow I had managed to crush one of the four red worms I had carried in my shirt pocket. It was a white short sleeved shirt with a fine blue and grey line plaid. My mother tried to scrub it out but the shirt pocket said Cat Fishing in America until the shirt wore out at the end of the summer.



I didn't know if there would be water there at that time of the year. I didn't have a canteen and I don't like the taste of day old canteen water. I brought a half gallon of California burgundy.

The California burgundy was very good all day Saturday, much better than cold water because it was very cold there at that time of the year, much colder than in the District.

The little springs were frozen over. Icicles ran down rocks.

Sunday breakfast I'd planned on buckwheat pancakes. Buckwheat pancakes are very nice when you're not cat fishing on a mountain top after freezing your ass off all night early in March. I didn't have any water or milk or eggs. I had a little bag of stone ground buckwheat flour and about a pint of California burgundy.

Purple buckwheat Johnny cakes make the morning its own reality and illuminate the day.

THE ONLY MENTION OF CAT FISHING IN AMERICA FATS

Ricks is the only one I have ever met who had known Cat Fishing in America Fats and knew the meaning of his life.

Ricks didn't like to talk much about Cat Fishing in America Fats, round and slimy, he said, but he did like to talk about learning the

You could see a hundred feet of line getting to the bottom of the middle of the channel and it was a real trick to cast, hanging out away from the concrete with your left arm wrapped around a beam.

I was using fifty pound monofilament and number 0 hooks and nightcrawlers, smashed on the ends. I already had two good fish, a couple of pounds each, when the bridge lights came on.

I whipped the lead and hook and worms out a little further than before, closer to the lake end of the channel. It had barely hit bottom when I felt something take it.

I jerked the line and THUD! he was on. It felt like trying to reel in a Mack truck while wearing roller skates. He grabbed hold of the bottom and dug in. He turned into cement and rocks and old rusty I beams. The line hummed and moaned with his stubborn energy as he stayed on the bottom and refused to budge.

I hauled up the rod and gained a few inches of line as I let it back down. I hauled like a bloodsucker on a rhinoceros.

When I finally got him near the surface, I nearly shit. He was nearly as big around as me. His whiskers were like pencils.

I reeled in until the rod tip was almost in his mouth and lifted him out hand over hand.

That catfish was so fat and old, he had calluses on his belly and his dorsal fins were flattened out on the ends like little feet.

We had the pot bellied catfish for dinner the next day. Cut up in chunks, dipped in batter and deep fat fried, he tasted like the trailer shows at the county fair.

WORTHMORE

The water was out of Worthmore Lake. We'd come down that August evening to do some cat fishing but, for some reasons, some one else needed the water. They'd opened the dam and the lake had gone down the old muddy river bed with a rush.

There were a few pools of water scattered around the mud, like pennies against the curb in pitch and toss. A stream meandered through the bottom of the old lake bed.

There were dead perch here and there on the mud, but no catfish. The catfish knows when it's time to go; "You don't need to hit me with a baseball bat," they say.

But we had two sixpacks and nothing else to do. We stayed, walked around in the mud in our bare feet and drinking beer out of twist-off-cap bottles.

It wasn't much of a lake anyway. The only place the catfish hung around was in the deep part by the dam down by the road. There were no houses near, the town dump was about a quarter mile on up the road. The dump closed at five so there was no traffic. No one else was hanging around. No one wanted to fish in the mud.

My old lady found a slimy rusted sled in a pile of trash someone had dumped in the lake a long time ago. It looked pretty funny there, in the warm lake mud on a warm August evening with the sun already below the horizon with the flat half light you have presented to you at the end of a hot, clear day.

meaning of his life when he was eight years old and growing up in Youngstown, Ohio, with the smoke from the mills falling like black snow, spring, summer, fall, and winter.

The meaning of life didn't come as a vision to Ricks. He had no sudden illumination, no blazing light. He had to figure it out.

Watching his father and his mother and his uncles and aunts and their friends in the mill town of Youngstown, Ohio, helped.

Because Ricks knew the meaning of his life he was able to be the first and only male student to major in Latin in Youngstown High School. He didn't play football. But he could speak Latin as his long ago ancestors might have spoken it.

He could have conversed with Caesar on the war book.

Because Ricks had found the truth of his life when he was eight years old he could get passing out drunk and wake up two hours later and do it again with a grin.

When Ricks was eight years old and playing in the back yard of his father's house in Youngstown he crawled under the big barrel, on the rack made of two by fours and thought about things.

While he was thinking about things he noticed a drop of liquid fall by his nose. He watched another drop slowly form on the wet crack between two staves of the barrel. He caught that drop on his finger and put it into his mouth. Then he lay on his back under the barrel so that the next and successive drops would fall into his mouth.

All that summer Ricks lay under the barrel as his father's home made Dago Red wine leaked into his mouth in the shadows and learned the meaning of his life.

THE POT BELLIED CAT FISH

The channel was hard to fish because of the high concrete walls of the embankment on the sides. You could fish from the bridge, but if you caught a significant fish you would have a very foolish time of it trying to pull it through the thirty feet of air.

The only good way to fish the channel was by edging your way along a six inch ledge that ran five feet over the water to one of the alcoves where the steel beams went into the concrete. There was just enough room to sit on the afternoon newspaper and dangle your legs while you waited for your fish.

I liked fishing the channel in the early evening, while the sun was going down. The steel network of the bridge looked like a smashed mosquito against the sky.

The fish waited in the channel for the food which emptied with the water from the big Ohio lake, heading for the river. These fish were the top of the line. They had to be aggressive to keep their place. Nouveau riche fish, the kind that build big houses and have lazy kids who end up in the wide shallow river eating what slipped down the channel.

I remember the evening I caught the pot bellied catfish.

I'd just put new glass packs on the hardtop and it really hummed in second gear between the gears. I didn't use high once on the way to the channel.

The surface of the mud was laced with worm tracks as if a kindly grandmother had crocheted madly all afternoon for a brown beads spread.

We found a shallow pool of warm water. It was about a foot deep with another six inches of warm mud on the bottom. A few worried minnows were hanging around, wishing they hadn't missed the last bus to town.

There wasn't anyone around so I went back to the car and got the other sixpack. My old lady took off her clothes on the nearest bank and I left mine in the car.

We rolled around in the warm water until it was all mud and the minnows couldn't see. I plugged her right there, with my bottle of beer in my left hand and watching out of the corner of my eye to make sure the rest of the sixpack didn't sink out of sight.

She was on the pill so we didn't need to worry.

NO END TO CAT FISHING IN AMERICA

This spring I was sitting by the dam on Run River Run in the middle of making a long full stringer of respectable eating catfish. Dusk had just fallen.

I was thinking of pumping up the lantern when I heard a thump and a groan and thrashing around up the path that skirts the rocks and brush beside the bank of Run River Run. I wedged my rod between two big rocks and, flashlight in hand, went up to investigate.

A big, handsome man, in fifty dollar hip boots, thirty dollar creel, twenty dollar fishing vest and fifteen dollar hat was tangled up in the brush along with his ten dollar net and seventy dollar fly rod.

I helped him out and up and down to the dam and lighted my lantern and gave him a beer.

After he'd time to straighten his thoughts and quit cussing and fill and light his pipe, he said he'd been fishing Run River Run all day.

He said he'd fished Run River Run when he was a young boy. He said he'd learned to drop a dry fly like a ghost on an eddy on Run River Run.

He said he'd dry fly, wet fly, and nymph all over the country on vacations while he was growing into the big, handsome, rich and successful man he'd become.

He said he had ulcers, a bitchy wife and demanding kids and the only thing that made his life enjoyable was trout fishing in America.

He hadn't caught a single fish all that day.

He said that was the way it was going, all over America. The streams were going bad and the trout were disappearing.

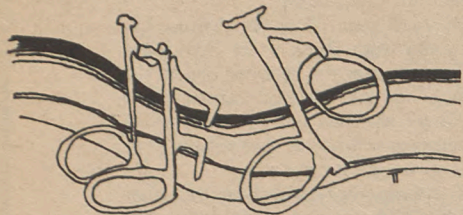
He mumbled more to himself and stumbled off to his car parked on the road near the dam.

I picked up my rod and thought, "Cat Fishing in America goes on forever."



MUSIC

Susan Cohn



SEBASTIAN KELBER

Sebastian Kelber played his first American concert at the Smithsonian May 22 to a very enthusiastic crowd who, by all appearances, may not let him return to Germany. Mr. Kelber is a specialist on the recorder, that Renaissance instrument which later evolved into the flute. Recorders have recently become increasingly popular as instruments in their own right (the recorder is a family of instruments ranging from sopranino to bass) and there are organizations devoted to performing Renaissance and Baroque compositions on the recorder, such as the Washington Recorder Society.

Even though Mr. Kelber specializes in an instrument with ancient ancestry, his approach to the music and the instrument is fresh and alive. Monday he played the sopranino, descant, and treble recorders and the one-key transverse flute in a program consisting largely of works from the 17th Century. The surprise treat of the evening was an anonymous

14th Century piece for sopranino recorder, a delightful, spirited piece that Kelber played as if he were improvising it on the spur of the moment: it had that quality of freshness.

Kelber's technique is flawless, his approach to the instrument alive and almost contemporary. He was assisted at this recital by James Weaver doing ear-catching things with the stops of his harpsicord, and Lane Anderson, playing the cello: both men were so precise that it sounded as if the cello's lines were activated by the bass line of the harpsicord.

Kelber also specializes in modern music written for the recorder, and in workshops and concerts for the rest of the week following his Smithsonian debut he was demonstrating his talent for turning his Renaissance instrument into an instrument that Berio and Stockhausen can use. Until I heard Mr. Kelber, I would never believe that the recorder can play glissandi or chords; not only is he a talented performer, he's an amazing musician.

NATIONAL GALLERY

It is apparent from a recent concert at the National Gallery that there are good composers who do not think that the orchestra is dead or only to be used to play museum pieces. At the May 28 concert, the orchestral part of the American Music Festival was highlighted and most of the music was by modern composers.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk's Symphony No. 1, "A Night in the Tropics" (1859) opened the program. This symphony would be more appropriate for a "pops" concert, but it is very interesting from a historical point of view, as Gottschalk was one of the first

truly American composers. (There is no definition of what is "truly American" -- it's more like a state of mind.) The first movement smacks of Mendelssohn, especially Fingel's Cave and sounds as if it were inspired by the mountains and forests outside the balcony of Gottschalk's West Indian retreat. The second movement is based on Creole rhythms; in fact it could pass for an orchestral transcription of the composer's famous "Bamboola" for solo piano. The orchestra, after a raggedy start, did a sparkling job on the entire symphony, highlighting the precise and insistent rhythms of the second movement. Richard Smith's solo trumpet was especially beautiful in the first movement.

Alan Hovhaness' Symphony No. 19, "Vishnu," Opus 217 (1967) followed the Gottschalk. Basically a one-movement piece, this work is built on the contrasts of colors of instruments. Hovhaness' primary compositional technique is giving certain instruments a select group of notes to play, at the performer's discretion, and in his preferred rhythms. Often Hovhaness gives the performer a sample measure before letting the player strike out on his own, and the composer frequently restricts himself to notes in a pentatonic scale; but, whatever the precise components are, the effect is one of a cloud of sound. These improvisatory sections alternate with melodic sections which are carefully composed and notated. "Vishnu" sounded very oriental, as do all of Hovhaness' works and it was well-played by the orchestra. As free as a work of this type may sound, the performance requires complete precision and careful direction, and Bales' leadership kept this mass of sound from fragmenting. The composer was in attendance at the concert and took several bows: the audience seemed quite pleased with the composition and this performance.

Howard Hanson's Symphony No. 6 (1967) was a bit of a disappointment, not because of the orchestra's playing but because Hanson's material was a bit below par. The work sounded like the romantic atonality used as background music for a television drama, but as music to be listened to it just didn't work.

The Orchestra, as always, was fine. There's a happy security knowing that whatever the music played, it will be performed with precise musicianship, thoughtfully prepared. This National Gallery Orchestra has a very secure sound.

SUSAN COHN by SUSAN COHN

You haven't practised enough. This time you really haven't practised enough. I'm serious. And get out of the bathroom! You go on stage in two minutes and you're in here like some scared kid. I am a scared kid! No you're not. Out. Smile at the people. Here it comes -- overdrive. Why do I feel calm and controlled all of a sudden? Always happens. I feel ridiculous. One, two, three, deep breath, don't trip.

The piano looks like a coffin with the lid up. A coffin on legs. Hop inside and the lid will close and the legs will collapse and the whole thing will go below the stage. Smile at the people. Will those idiots in the back please sit down so I can play and get this over with. I have never seen this music before in my life. This is crazy -- I know I must know what that note is. Why is my page-turner panicky? That's right, she told me she can't read music. Control.

Applause. Aha! Just as I thought. No one was listening. . . Now, on to the Satie and if there's even a hint of applause between the three sections I will . . . what will I do? Better yet, people, show me you were really affected by the music and don't even applaud at the end. Satie's like that.

They applauded. Smile. Little bow. Why is everyone sitting in the back of the hall just like they did for my piano jury? Will those idiots standing in the back please sit down. Please sit down. Please. Ah. Flowers. How nice.



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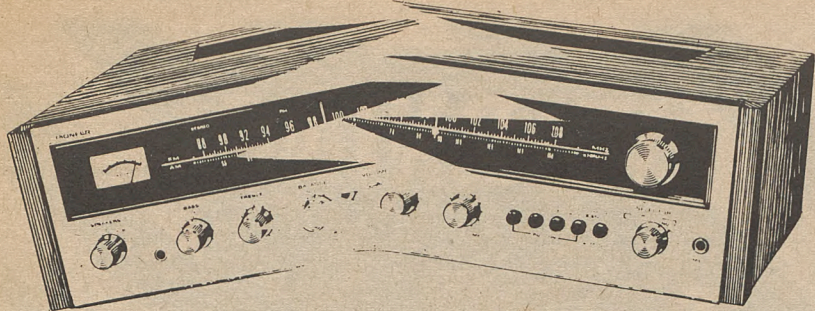
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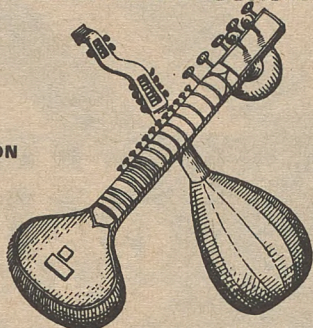
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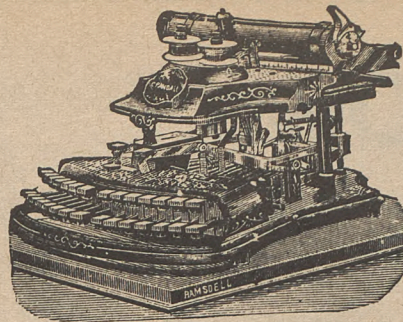
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BOOKS

CHINA! INSIDE THE PEOPLES' REPUBLIC, by the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars. Bantam Books 433 pp. \$1.50

ESSENTIAL WORKS OF CHINESE COMMUNISM, Winberg Chai (ed.), Bantam Books 543 pp., \$1.45 (1972 rev. ed.)

Reviewed by BREWSTER CHAMBERLIN

Time and actions occasionally outrun consciousness and the ability to fathom what is happening. Our current preoccupation with China is a good example of this phenomenon. Nixon, the arch anti-Communist, joking with Mao in Peking? Communist ping pong players in Detroit and the White House? Incredible, but there they are. In the day of the mass media, assistance in coming to grips with the unfathomable is never far off. Recently there has been a flood of books dealing with Mao's China and two of them are under review here. Both are basic in that they are not monographic, the first concerning what it is like to live in China today, the other offering the fundamental documents of Chinese Communism.

The Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars (SSAS) is part of the anti-war movement and has previously published *The Indochina Story* and books on Cambodia and Laos. In the summer of 1971, fifteen members of the CCAS, mostly in their twenties, calling themselves the "CCAS Friendship Delegation," crossed a bridge in Hong Kong and entered the People's Republic of China on a four week tour.

They all speak and read Chinese and apparently moved about with a great deal of freedom. *China! Inside the People's Republic* is one result of that trip. The book is interesting and well written; their enthusiasm, if not objectivity, fairly leaps off each page. Apart from the main text the book provides a useful pronunciation guide, a detailed itinerary of their stay, a short but concise bibliography (don't look for John K. Fairbank or A. Doak Barnett here: scholarly books are either "boring" or "academic" - perhaps some of China's current anti-intellectualism rubbed off on the CCAS members), a most helpful glossary of term and people and a large number of photographs taken on the tour.

Their inquiry-tour covered a broad spectrum of Chinese life including the status of women (not quite equal with men, as Chou admitted), health (the Chinese have wiped out VD and drug use and all medical costs are covered), education (an admirable quantitative leap since 1949 in literacy rate, but a frightening specter of school children doing target practice as part of the militarized curriculum), factories (the workers appeared to have "an important role in running the factories" they work in), the arts (severely limited during the Cultural Revolution to state-approved works with political messages; everyone learns the songs and dances and performs them), communes (Mao's emphasis on "self-reliance" and willingness to work hard has allowed many communes to function well; there is enough to eat where starvation existed before 1949 and peasants maintain small plots to grow food for their own consumption), cities (free of auto pollution; slowly being integrated with the countryside, a major goal of Mao's, housing shortages in varying degrees), the People's Liberation Army (restorer of order after the Cultural Revolution; everyone seems to want to join it) and China's foreign policy (regarding the reasons for the China-US detente there is only one short paragraph on the Chinese-Soviet border and ideological disputes).

The CCAS also devotes a chapter to the "Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution" and sections to the history of the Chinese Communist movement. Most important, however, are the sections listed above describing the groups' personal experiences in China today and a long interview with Premier Chou en-Lai concerning the problems confronting the Chinese people as well as transcripts of visits to the embassies of the Revolutionary Governments of Indochina and of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

To those who stand agog and dismayed at the thoroughness of mechanized life in Mao's China, the CCAS offers this quote from an old peasant in North China who, when asked if he now had personal freedom and civil rights, replied "Yes, now we have the right to love. We are free to work fulltime, to have a secure home, to eat enough food, to have complete

medical care, to receive education and culture - and free to take our future in our hands. Yes, we're free to do all these things for the first time in our lives."

Not surprisingly, the political and social manipulation of the ideology and thought of Mao Tse-tung to bring China into the industrial age of super powers (not to speak of maintaining one faction in power) stressing the general welfare (the state) before the particular (the citizens) is almost wholly ignored. As one young man told the group: "Both in political and economic aspects, Chairman Mao led us to win liberation and emancipation. That is why we love Chairman Mao and follow him. It isn't that Chairman Mao asks us to love him; that is the people's spontaneous reaction to his leadership in all these struggles."

This book is highly recommended for the general reader and those who wish to understand what China is like today, rather than how it got that way. On the whole, this volume is far more worthwhile than all the deadly time-filler TV coverage of Nixon's trip to China.

Chai has edited a collection of thirty-eight major documents of Chinese Communism from the "First Manifesto" of the Party Central Committee in 1922, through excerpts of the major works of Mao, Liu Shao-chi, Lin Biao and P'eng Chen, to the Hsin Hua News Announcement of Nixon's visit and the Secret Draft of the Revised Constitution of the People's Republic of China (1970 - 1971). Each document is preceded by an explanatory note and Chai has written an introduction describing very briefly the development of Chinese Communism since 1922.

Among other things, Chai points out that Mao had already raised the question of "cultural revolution" in 1940 and that, though "claims for Mao as a contributor to the theory of dialectical materialism are largely spurious" because of Mao's weak background in the field of Marxism-Leninism (a statement which will raise the hackles of sectarian Maoists for sure), the unique and driving qualities of the Chairman's work are "the repeated moral exhortation and his stress on the importance of problem-solving." This aspect of Mao's influence is shown time and again in the volume by the CCAS.

For those who lack the time and/or energy to plough through the complete works of Mao and the thousands of documents from the CCP leadership, but who are interested in the course of Chinese Communism, this volume should be invaluable.

THE AGE OF PARANOIA
by the editors of *Rolling Stone*
Pocket Books, \$1.50 (paper)

Reviewed by ST. LEE GRACE

Have you ever considered being paranoid and the different ways you can be? *Rolling Stone* is offering a collection of paranoias for only \$1.50 at your local book store. That's quite a bargain given such a wide variety.

THE AGE OF PARANOIA gives a thorough review of the most popular fears of the sixties. Such well known personalities as John Sinclair, Abbie Hoffman, Bobby Seale, and Mayor Daley are used to illustrate paranoia in the political arena. Illicit drug use is a good one since it does allow you the freedom to select an alternative paranoia, in case you're not a full time dope smoker or dealer. Writing for an underground newspaper or publishing one can cause a considerable amount of hassle. John Burks' article covers this subject quite extensively using the major underground papers, scattered subversively across the nation, as examples. But the best paranoia, and the most secure, is the one you yourself can create. Like Charlie Manson! Now there's a dude with originality of style.

Whatever paranoia you find to be most interesting in this book, you can be sure that the author of its description is knowledgeable in his field. *Rolling Stone* should be awarded a prize for its continuing "collective" abilities.



In Your Own Backyard

SIX WOMEN who are poets — or perhaps one should say six poets who are women — will read from their work June 19 at Theater Lobby, 17 St. Matthew's Court, NW, from 8 to 10 pm. Poets scheduled to read are Rita Mae Brown, Grace Cavalieri, Margaret Gibson, Marian Stanton Johnson, Lee Lally and Elise-vietta Richie. Admission is free. For more information call 393-5816.

"FIFTY YEARS OF ANIMATION," a series of more than 125 films tracing the history of American animated cartoons, is being shown at the AFI in a cycle of eight programs this month. All programs will be open to the general public as well as to AFI members. The series ranges from the first known animation of nearly 75 years ago to Chuck Jones' classic, "What's Opera Doc," of 1955, in which Bugs Bunny — as Brunhilde — sings satirized Wagner to helmeted Viking Elmer Fudd. Others include the first Disney Technicolor cartoon, "Flowers and Trees," Disney's "Der Fuhrer's Face," and rare views of young Disney, sans moustache, animating ads in Kansas City in 1919. Warner Brothers' Looney Tunes and Merrie Melodies as well as cartoons from MGM, UPA and other studios will also be shown. Half a dozen films were specially imported for the series because no copies were extant in the U.S. Special forms of animation, including the abstract motion paintings of Oskar Fischinger and the magical puppetry of "King Kong" will also be featured. The series was assembled with the help and support of the Animators' Guild, and was first presented at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. There will be matinees, presumably for the kiddies, as well as the usual evening screenings (see Calendar for complete schedule). Admission is \$1.75 for non-members, unless under 14 and accompanied by an adult, in which case you pay only \$.50. AFI members pay \$1.25. If there's something else you want to know, call 554-3000.

THE N.E. ARTIST CO-OP is holding its first show through June 25. The show features quilts, tapestries, sketches, sculpture, furniture and photography. Artists include Robert Sharp, Angela Sharp and Lew Perry, as well as other members of the Co-op. You'll find the Co-op and the show at 1246 Monroe St. NE.

THE FIRST OLD TIME FIDDLERS' CONVENTION at Deer Creek was such a success that a second one is scheduled, as its sponsors put it, "at the next full moon" which is June 24 and 25, if all goes as expected. More than one thousand bluegrass fans attended the first convention Memorial Day Weekend at Deer Creek campgrounds, five miles north of Madonna, Md. First prize of \$100 was won by the Rush Creek Boys from Monkton. An old time string band, the Mudthumpers from Ithaca, N.Y., took second place. Third prize in the band category was awarded to The Virginia Carolina Mountain Boys from Aberdeen, Md. Fourth place band was the Wretched Mess String Band from Baltimore. Other winners included Doc Dillman of Forest Hill, fiddle; John Glick of Baltimore, guitar; Red Henry of Dover, Del., guitar; and Jerry Tho-

male of Winchester, Va. As the next full moon rises over Deer Creek, admission will be \$12 a carload. And don't forget to sharpen your fangs.

"MEDEA IN AFRICA," an adaptation of the classical Roman Medea by Seneca, will open at the Black American Theatre on June 15. The play was developed in the drama department of Federal City College from a script written by Black Poet Countee Cullen. Directing the production is Robert West, chairman of the Communications Department at FCC. Vicki Ross, who portrays Medea, and Leroy Hardison, who is Jason, are both members of the FCC drama department. Curtain is at 8pm every night except Monday, with a Sunday matinee at 3pm. Tickets are \$3, Tuesday through Thursday and for the Sunday matinee \$3.50 on weekends; and \$2 for students. The play will run through July 2.

TOM SAWYER is returning to the Smithsonian Institution for a special four week run. An Allan Stephens & Co. production, the show opened the 1971-1972 season at the theater then went on a five month nationwide tour. Using 15 puppets and a multi-media setting, the production will play the Resident Puppet Theater in the National Museum of History & Technology from June 14 through July 9.

IF YOU WANT to conduct a course or activity at the Washington Area Free University, they'd like to know by June 20 so that your course proposal can be included, exactly the way you write it, in WAFU's summer catalog. The catalog will be included in the issue of WAFU's Tin Drum which will become available the end of this month or the beginning of next. WAFU is especially looking for persons to conduct courses in educational alternatives, consumer protection, women's liberation, forming communes, gay liberation, camping, sensitivity groups, yoga and meditation, weaving and pottery, dancing and body movement, law and prison reform. There are no charges for courses, no qualifications to teach, and no salaries. Everyone is welcome at WAFU's 8pm Tuesday night coordinating meetings at 1724 20th St., NW, 2nd floor. WAFU also sponsors a Saturday night coffee house at Grace Church, 1041 Wisconsin Ave. NW. WAFU's number is 387-5437.

OVER THE BACK FENCE: A group of disgruntled writers known as the "Coalition of Activist Writers" is forming in New York City. The purpose of the group is "to establish a thriving machine that can... be trusted to take radical positions on professional issues (e.g. exploitation, censorship, etc.), to agitate for greater government support to non-commercial writers and publishers, to propose standards of fair-practice and contracture, to provide counsel in author-publisher disputes, to petition for collective insurance policies and other basic economic advantages," and several other things. If you're disgruntled enough, you'll get in touch with Richard Kostelanetz, 477 14th St., Brooklyn, NY, 10215.

THESE INSTRUMENTS WERE STOLEN from our home in Takoma Park at night on Wed., May 10:

GIBSON A 50 MANDOLIN with electric pickup. Serial No. 3665-7. Dark brown finish teardrop shape body, flat back, f-holes (like a violin's holes, as opposed to the round hole on a guitar). Black hard case.

VIOLIN No name or number, but easily recognized. Made of curly maple, a light-colored

wood. Small pearl flower with silver stem inlaid on fingerboard and tailpiece. Lots of fancy pearl inlay on back of body. New bow, black hard case.

VEGA BANJO 5-string with long neck. Dots and snowflakes inlaid on fingerboard. "Vega" on headstock, no wooden resonator. Soft case.

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GALLERIES

Apogee - Surrealistic oils and graphics by Everett Adelman, thru June 15, 7355 Wisconsin Ave., Bethesda
 Argel - Ceremonial Art of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, Tues. - Fri., 1843 S Street, N.W.
 Artists Mart - Group Showing featuring jewelry by Jane Morgan, 1361 Wisconsin Ave., N.W.
 Cabada Gallery - Acrylic paintings exhibition, 1522 Conn. Ave., N.W.
 Corcoran Gallery - Norman Rockwell and a Century of American Illustration, 17th St. and New York Ave., N.W.
 East - West Art Associates - Oriental Watercolors and Screens by Liu Shih Min, 433 S. Fredrick Ave., Gaithersburg
 Folger Library - "Things" by Robert Conroy, Thru June 17, 3rd and E. Capitol Streets
 Foliograph - 19th Century Japanese Woodcuts, Thru June 24, Tysons Corner Center, McLean
 Federal City College - "Doin' It" 1972 Student Art Exhibition, thru June 16, 916 G. St., N.W.
 Frame House - Group show in various media, 205 Union St., Occoquan, Md.
 Frames of Reference - Oscillantes sculptures in metal, 128 King St., Alexandria
 Freer Gallery of Art - 2500 Years of Persian Art, Selected leaves from Armenian Biblical manuscripts, 1100 Jefferson Drive, S.W.
 Hendrick Gallery - Jasper Johns: Recent Works, thru June 24, 3059 M St., N.W.

Gallery of African Art - Graphics by black artists from Rorkes Drift, South Africa and Khoroga tapestries from the Ivory Coast, 1621 21st St. N.W.
 Henri 2 - Group Exhibition, 1875 Conn. Ave., N.W.
 Hensley Gallery - Thousands of antique and modern prints, 113 N. Fairfax St., Old Town, Alexandria
 Jane Haslem Gallery - Group show of Prints, thru June 20, 1667 Wisconsin Ave., N.W.
 Jacob's Ladder - Group Show of Great Artists, Suite LL06, 5400 Wisconsin Ave., N.W.
 Liros Gallery - Recent Acquisitions, thru June 16, 628 N. Washington St., Alexandria
 Lunn Gallery - Etchings and lithographs by Lars Bo, Thru June 20, 3243 P. St., N.W.
 Library of Congress - "Wide World of Children's Books," "The Lusians" of Luiz de Camoes, "Acupuncture," and "750 Years of The Golden Bull of Hungary," 1st St. and Independence Ave.
 Museum of African Art - "African Art in Washington Collections," 1316 - 1318 A St., N.E.
 National Archives - "Art of Diplomacy" exhibit; Washington - The Transformation of a Federal City, Bonirant Rd., 9th St. and Constitution Ave., N.W.
 National Collection of Fine Art - Art form D.C. Junior High Schools, 9th St. between F and G Sts., N.W.
 National Museum of History and Technology - Sculpture in Light and Motion by Adam Peiperl, Constitution Ave. and 14th St., N.W.

National Portrait Gallery (Smithsonian) - "If Elected. . . " Unsuccessful Candidates for the Presidency, F and 8th Sts. N.W.
 N.E. Artists Co-Op - "From Out of Our Minds - With a Lot of Help from Our Friends," quilts, tapestries, sketches, sculpture, furniture and photography, thru June 25, 1246 Monroe St., N.E.
 Renwick Gallery - Woodenworks, Pueblo Pottery: Zuni and Acoma Designs, Selections from the Index of American Design, The Glass of Fredrick Carder, James Renwick in Washington, and Design Is. . . " 17th St. and Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.
 Spectrum Gallery - "Modular Movement," stained canvases in acrylics by John Bledsoe, 3033 M St., N.W.
 Studio Gallery - Cosmic Art by Peter Ruhe, 1735 Conn. Ave.
 The Art Barn - contemporary paintings and wall hangings, Tilden St., N.W.
 Us Too Studio - Student exhibit in various media, 4023 Chain Bridge Rd., Fairfax



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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

TUESDAY, JUNE 13

Music:

Stan Getz, Cellar Door, 337-3389
National Symphony Orchestra, Morton Gould conducts Ravel, Mendelssohn, Gould, Ives, and Tchaikovsky; Kennedy Center Concert Hall, 8:30 pm, 254-3600
Mass by Leonard Bernstein, Kennedy Center Opera House, 8:00pm, 254-3600
Emmy Lou Harris, Tammany Hall, 9:30 - 1:00 am

Films:

Night of the Living Dead, Freaks, Circle Theatre, matinee \$1, evening \$1.75, 337-4470
Some Like It Hot, American Film Institute, 429 L'Enfant Plaza, S.W., 8:00 pm, 554-1000
The Sorrow and The Pity, Outer Circle, 244-3116
Claire's Knee, The Go-Between, Biograph Theatre, 333-2696

Events:

Redd Fox and Demond Wilson, Shady Grove Music Fair, Gaithersburg, Md., 8:30 pm, \$4.50-\$6.50, 948-3400

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14

Music:

Stan Getz, (see June 13)
National Symphony Orchestra (see June 13)
Mass by Bernstein (see June 13), matinee 2:00 pm
Emmy Lou Harris, Child Harold, 9:00-1:00 am

Films:

Dr. Strangelove, Seven Days in May, Circle Theatre, matinees \$1, evenings \$1.75, 337-4470
Animation - Persuasion and Politics, AFI, 3:30 pm, 554-1000
Animation - Sex, Violence, and General Bad Taste, AFI, 8:00
The Sorrow and The Pity, (see June 13)
Mash, Patton, Biograph Theatre, 333-2696

Events:

Redd Fox and Demond Wilson (see June 13)
Smithsonian puppet show, Tom Sawyer, 11:00 am, 12 noon, 1:00 pm, \$1 children, \$1.25 adults, 381-5395

THURSDAY, JUNE 15

Music:

Stan Getz, (see June 13)
Mass by Bernstein, (see June 13)
Emmy Lou Harris, (see June 13)

Films:

Dr. Strangelove, Seven Days in May, (see June 14)
Love in the Afternoon, AFI, 8:00 pm, 554-1000
The Sorrow and The Pity, (see June 13)
Mash, Patton, (see June 14)

Events:

Redd Fox and Demond Wilson, (see June 13)
Tom Sawyer, puppet show, (see June 14)

FRIDAY, JUNE 16

Music:

Stan Getz, (see June 13)
Philadelphia Orchestra, Wolf Trap Farm Park, Vienna, Va., 8:30 pm, \$4-\$10, 703-938-3804
The Big Show of 1936, with Jackie Coogan, The Ink Spots, and Pin Tin Tin, Kennedy Center Concert Hall, 254-3600
Mass by Bernstein, (see June 13)
Emmy Lou Harris, (see June 14)

Films:

Great White Hope, Something for Everyone, Circle Theatre, matinees \$1, evenings \$1.75, 337-4470
Animation - Cartoon Concert, AFI, 3:30 - 8:00 pm, 554-1000
The Sorrow and The Pity, (see June 14)

Events:

Redd Fox and Demond Wilson (see June 13)
Tom Sawyer puppet show, (see June 14)

SATURDAY, JUNE 17

Music:

Stan Getz, (see June 13)
Philadelphia Orchestra, \$3-\$8, (see June 16)
National Symphony Orchestra, with the Washington Civic Opera, Kennedy Center Concert Hall, 254-3600
Mass by Bernstein, matinee 2:00 pm, (see June 13)
Emmy Lou Harris, (see June 14)

Films:

Great White Hope, Something for Everyone, (see June 16)
Midnight, Five Graves to Cairo, AFI, 8 pm, 554-1000
The Sorrow and the Pity, (see June 13)
Mash, Patton, (see June 14)

Events:

Washington Area Free University (WAFU) Coffeehouse, Grace Church, 1041 Wisconsin Ave., N.W.
Redd Fox, Demond Wilson, 7:00 and 10:30 pm, \$7.50-\$5.50, (see June 13)
Tom Sawyer puppet show, (see June 14)

SUNDAY, JUNE 18

Music:

Four Tops, Clent Holmes, Third World Revolution, Mobile Equipment Exhibition, plus Summer in the Parks Kick-off, Sylvan Theatre, 5-7 pm, free
Classical Music Concert, National Gallery, on the Mall, 7 pm, free; every Sunday during the Summer
Free Concert, Fort Reno Park, every Sunday afternoon during the summer, afternoon til 10 pm
Hootenanny, Cellar Door, 337-3389
Sandler and Young, Wolf Trap Farm Park, Vienna, Va., 8:30pm \$3-\$6, 703-938-3804
Liz Meyer, Clyde's, 3236 M St., N.W., 9:30 - 1:00 am

Films:

The Boys in the Band, I Never Sang for My Father, Circle Theatre, \$1.75, 337-4470
Animation - Dots, Lines, Curves, and Angles, AFI, 3:30 pm
People on Sunday, A Foreign Affair, AFI, 8 pm
The Sorrow and the Pity, (see June 13)
Mash, Patton, (see June 14)

Events:

Redd Fox, Demond Wilson, \$5.50 - \$7.50, (see June 13)
Arts and Crafts Show, Connecticut and R, N.W., \$1 for use of area to sell art work, every Sunday; sponsored by the Uptown Citizen, coordinator, Mark Cowden, 387-6688

MONDAY, JUNE 19

Music:

Country Joe McDonald, Cellar Door, 337-3389

Films:

Boys in the Band, I Never Sang for My Father, matinees \$1, evenings \$1.75, (see June 18)
Double Indemnity, AFI, 8 pm, 554-1000
The Sorrow and The Pity, (see June 13)
Mash, Patton, (see June 14)

Events:

Ukrainian Dance Company, Wolf Trap Farm Park, Vienna, Va., 8:30 pm, \$3-\$10, 703-938-3804
Women's Poetry Reading, Theatre Lobby, 8-10 pm



Country Joe at the Cellar Door

TUESDAY, JUNE 20

Music:

National Symphony Orchestra, John Greene conducts Strauss, Mozart, and Lehar, Kennedy Center Concert Hall
Country Joe McDonald, (see June 19)
Emmy Lou Harris, (see June 13)

Films:

Casa Blanca, Treasure of Sierra Madre, Circle Theatre, matinees \$1, evenings \$1.75, 337-4470
Ace in the Hole, AFI, 8 pm, 554-1000
The Sorrow and the Pity, (see June 13)
Mash, Patton, (see June 14)

Events:

Ukrainian Dance Company, (see June 19)
Tommy, rock opera, danced by Les Grandes Ballet Canadiens, Kennedy Center Opera House, 254-3600

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21

Music:

National Symphony Orchestra, (see June 20)
Country Joe McDonald, (see June 19)

Films:

Casa Blanca, (see June 20)
Animation - How They Did It, AFI, 3:30 - 8 pm, 554-1000
The Sorrow and The Pity, (see June 13)

Events:

Ukrainian Dance Company, (see June 19)
Tommy, a rock opera, (see June 20)
Tom Sawyer, puppet show, (see June 14)

THURSDAY, JUNE 22

Music:

Country Joe McDonald, (see June 19)

Films:

Husbands, Blow-Up, Circle Theatre, matinees \$1, evenings \$1.75, 337-4470
Animation - The Anatomy of Humor, AFI, 3:30 pm, 554-1000
Animation - More Than Studio Humor, AFI, 8 pm

Events:

Ukrainian Dance Company, (see June 19)
Tommy, a rock opera, (see June 20)
Tom Sawyer puppet show, (see June 14)

FRIDAY, JUNE 23

Music:

National Symphony Orchestra, Sylvan Theatre, free, 426-6700
Country Joe McDonald, (see June 19)
George Jones, Tammy Wynette, Frederick Community College, 7 and 10 pm, \$4.50 - \$5.50, 589-3826

Films:

Husbands, Blow-Up, (see June 22)
Irma La Douce, AFI, 8 pm, 554-1000

Events:

Ukrainian Dance Company, (see June 19)
Tommy, a rock opera, (see June 20)
Tom Sawyer puppet show, (see June 14)

SATURDAY, JUNE 24

Music:

Roberta Flack, Baltimore Civic Center
Old Time Fiddlers Convention, Deer Park, north of Madonna, Md., \$12 per carload
Md., \$12 per carload
National Symphony Orchestra, Jose Serebrier conducts Korsakov, Gould, and Grieg, Kennedy Center Concert Hall, 254-3600
Country Joe McDonald, (see June 19)
Emmy Lou Harris, Clyde's

Films:

Husbands, Blow-Up, \$1.75, (see June 22)
Animation, (see June 18)
Sabrina, AFI, 8 pm, 554-1000

Events:

Ukrainian Dance Company, matinee 2:30 pm, (see June 19)
WAFU coffeehouse, (see June 17)
Tommy, a rock opera, (see June 20)
Tom Sawyer, (see June 14)

SUNDAY, JUNE 25

Music:

Classical Music Concert, (see June 18)
Free Concert, (see June 18)
Hootenanny, Cellar Door
Cold Blood, Kennedy Center Concert Hall, 8:30 pm
Kenny Rodgers and the First Edition, Wolftrap Farm Park, Vienna, Va., 8:30 pm, \$3-\$6, 703-938-3804
Liz Meyer, (see June 17)
Old Time Fiddlers Convention, (see June 24)

Films:

Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Circle Theatre, \$1.75, 337-4470
Animation, (see June 16)

Events:

Tommy, a rock opera, (see June 20)
Arts and Crafts show, (see June 18)

MONDAY, JUNE 26

Music:

Free concert, Farragut Square, 12 noon
Kenny Rodgers, (see June 25)
Sonny and Cher, Painters Mill Music Fair, 10:30 pm, \$4.50-\$7.50

Films:

Animation - Persuasion and Politics, AFI, 3:30 and 8 pm

Events:

Tommy, a rock opera, (see June 20)